

*The Two Noble Kinsmen.*

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All deere natures children: sweete-  
Ly fore Bride and Bridegroomes feete  
Blessing their sence.  
Not an angle of the aire,  
Bird melodious, or bird faire,  
Is absent hence.

*Strew  
Flowers.*

The Crow, the slaunderous Cuckoe, nor  
The boding Raven, nor Clough hee  
Nor chattering Pie,  
May on our Bridehouse perch or sing,  
Or with them any discord bring  
But from it fly.

Enter 3. *Queenes in Blacke, with vailles stained, with impe-  
rial Crownes. The 1. Queene fals downe at the foote of  
Theseus; The 2. fals downe at the foote of Hypolitus. The  
3. before Emilia.*

1. *Qu.* For pitties sake and true gentilities,  
Heare, and respect me.

2. *Qu.* For your Mothers sake,  
And as you wish your womb may thrive with faire ones,  
Heare and respect me,

3. *Qu.* Now for the love of him whom *Love* hath marked  
The honour of your Bed, and for the sake  
Of cleere virginity, be Advocate  
For us, and our distresses: This good deede  
Shall raze you out o'th Booke of Trespasles  
All you are set downe there.

*Theseus.* Sad Lady rise.

*Hypol.* Stand up.

*Emil.* No knees to me.

What woman I may steed that is distrest,  
Does bind me to her.

*These.* What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1. *Qu.* We are 3. *Queenes*, whose *Soveraignes* fel before  
The wrath of cruell *Creon*; who endured  
The Beakes of Ravens, Tallents of the Knights,

And

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And pecks of Crowes, in the fowle feilds of Thebes.  
He will not suffer us to burne their bones,  
To urne their ashes, nor to take th' offence  
Of mortall loathsomenes from the blest eye  
Of holy *Phabus*, but infects the windes  
With stench of our slaine Lords. O pittie Duke,  
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy feard Sword  
That does good turnes to'th world; give us the Bones  
Of our dead Kings, that we may Chappell them;  
And of thy boundles goodnes take some note  
That for our crowned heades we have no rooffe,  
Save this which is the Lyons, and the Beares,  
And vault to every thing.

*These.* Pray you kneele not,  
I was transported with your Speech, and suffer'd  
Your knees to wrong themselves; I have heard the fortunes  
Of your dead Lords, which gives me such lamenting  
As wakes my vengeance, and revenge for'em;  
King *Capaneus*, was your Lord the day  
That he should marry you, at such a season,  
As now it is with me, I met your Groome,  
By *Marses Altar*, you were that time faire;  
Nor *Iunos Mantle* fairer then your Tresses,  
Nor in more bounty spread her. Your wheaten wreath  
Was then nor threshd, nor blasted; Fortune at you  
Dimpled her Cheeke with smiles: *Hercules* our kinsman  
(Then weaker than your eies) laide by his Club,  
He tumbled downe upon his Nenuan hide  
And swore his sinews thawd: O greife, and time,  
Fearefull consumers, you will all devoure.

I, *Qu.* O I hope some God,  
Some God hath put his mercy in your manhood  
Whereto hee'l infuse powre, and presse you forth  
Our undertaker.

*These.* O no knees, none Widdow,  
Vnto the Helmeted-Belona use them,  
And pray for me your Souldier.  
Troubled I am.

*turnes away.*

2. *Qu.*

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